

75
485
373
ppy 1



Lat^o

n

.T485
1873
Copy 1



LJ 75
.T485
1873
Copy 1



ORATION, POEM, AND HISTORY,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Theta Delta Chi Society,

AT THE CONVENTION DINNER,

HELD IN THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY,

On the Evening of February 21st, 1873.



PRIVATELY PRINTED,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CHI CHARGE,
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1873

LJ75
T485
1873



Class _____

Book _____

DOBELL COLLECTION

طبع في مطبعة

HENRY E. THOMSON & CO.,
142 Fulton St., New York.

Subject—"Reminiscences of College Life."

Subject—"The Age of Gold."

Subject—"Origin and Founders of the Theta Delta Chi."

"Our Fraternity".....J. Kilbourne Jones.
 "Memory of the Dead".....John W. Griggs.
 "The Southern Charges".....William M. Coleman.
 "The Press".....William L. Stone.
 "The Bar".....Oscar Frisbie.
 "The Ladies".....Cameron Mann.
 "The Grand Lodge".....Frank W. Stewart.
 "Liquids in Motion".....{ Joseph Mullin.
 {T. N. Van Valkenburgh.
 "The Charge whose Guests we are".....Marcus Michaels.
 "The Charge whose Guests we are to be"...R. C. Briggs.

A. P. LITTLE, C. S. HANKS.
M. MICHAELS.



REMINISCENCES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Brethren of the Theta Delta Chi :

WHEN a man becomes sick at heart, he thinks the dead are happy. The maudlin poet constructs his refrain upon that sentiment. But it is all an error. 'Tis true that disappointments dishearten—true that misfortunes depress—true that each dispelled illusion makes us sadder—more true than all that the dead suffer nothing down in the solemn stillness of their abode. To them comes no noise of strife. Their fleshless ribs encase no heart to feel the pain of slights. They have no bodies to suffer with any of the manifold distresses of wretchedness. Malice cannot harm them, nor envy sting them. They are inaccessible as the Gods on Mount Olympus to every human ill. But our lot is a better one; for the poorest, the most unfortunate among us lives, has a share of sunshine and a claim upon the seasons. Every Spring brings with it the tender grass that grows into richest green with the Summer, fading slowly away under the bronze and gold of Autumn, till the spotless shroud of Winter kindly covers its remains. And all the while the broad sky arches overhead, and so long as foliage is on trees it is stirred into music by the winds of heaven; and birds twitter, and brooks ripple, and the landscape looks glorious when the bright sun lights it up, stretching off into the haziness of blue distance till it fades away into ether. This all is ours. Let us enjoy it while we may; and if there be one among us whose lot has been so wretched, that nothing seems left to him but misery and mourning, who finds no joy in Nature to dispel his unhappy mood, he may still steal away from it for odd hours by recalling some happy past.

Oh, Reminiscence! you furnish us the power to go back to a time when care sat lightly on our shoulders, and the

broad heavens hung full of silver-stringed lutes. Where has our boyhood vanished—that happy time of illusions? Where is the top, where are the marbles, where the schoolhouse and the old pedagogue, where, dearer, more lost than all, the free and ringing laugh, the glee of boyish innocence? No more coasting in the clear winter weather for us now—no more tumbling each other about in juvenile sport on the green commons—no more fiery-eyed ghosts to blink at us from dark places. Aladdin's lamp and Crusoe's story have lost their ancient charm; nor may we any longer feel ourselves Napoleons, sweeping into destruction bold Mamelukes under the shadow of the Pyramids, as in that joyous time, now dead, and beyond any resurrection but the shadowy, most times painful, and unsatisfactory resurrection of reminiscence.

Too bad—too bad the whole of it; and past as that earlier time is our College life. Do you still remember when papa said, "Now, my son, you must go to College"? There was no end of preparation, no end of leave-taking; and at the last moment, delayed as long as possible, fond mamma, whose tender heart was breaking, invoked God's blessing as she kissed her boy again, weeping so hard the while that one would think the parting were forever. Her sobs and tears even infected you, stout as you had resolved to carry yourself on the occasion. Then the ride over miles and miles of green country, when you passed through hamlets, towns and cities, with a prospect ever varying before your young eyes. But the prospect did not interest you, did not even distract your mind; for your thoughts would still wander back to the old folks, the old times, the boys and the scenes that you were leaving behind. Somehow each league you put between yourself and them gradually took the form of a separate eternity, out of which but one word kept continually sobbing itself into your ear—Gone! gone! gone! And the soul of meaning in this word permeated you. Sad, most wearisomely sad and heavy grew your heart. The ceaseless rumble of the car wheels tired you; the monotonous faces of the passengers tired you. Oh, that the tiresome ride were over!—and you were at your journey's end.

Then you began to speculate what sort of place it was, what sort of people you would meet, and whether the students there were good fellows. One by one the stories you had heard of

the adventures a man would have at College, of the terrible things he would be obliged to encounter, introduced themselves into your mind, until you became uncomfortable and felt strange forebodings of the awful experience in store for you. Then came likewise the terrible question about the examinations: Would you happily pass them all, and be entered as a Freshman? These College Professors are veritable sphinxes, put fearful posers in the shape of questions, and are barbarously cold-blooded to a man's diffidence and embarrassment. But you are not afraid of them; oh, no, not you! No dragon in the shape of a College Professor can emit brimstone fire enough in the form of perplexing questions to drive the heroism out of your chivalric and lore-burdened soul.

So Examination day arrives. You are successful, see yourself admitted into College; but your exultation is a lonesome affair, because there is no friend to share the joy of success with you. You are all alone, and all alone you take your place on the chapel benches of your class, among others each of whom, on this the first day of the term, feels as isolated, as solitary and as cheerless as yourself, wishing almost out loud that the dreary psalm-singing and Bible-reading, which weigh with such heaviness upon the place, were ended, and the work of the term commenced. It will commence, my anxious under-graduate; it will commence, and one day you will awake when unlearned lessons have accumulated mountain high, and fastened themselves, like Christian's burden, upon your tired shoulders; and you strive in vain to work them off, till out of the black depths of despair you groan the wish that the work of the term never had commenced, and draw the cheerless conclusions that it was a great mistake to send you to College; that your landlady is an intolerable dun; that your washerwoman shares that characteristic; that good old trust is dead, and father obdurate. But here kind mamma steps in like a fairy, and with her pin-money, hoarded up for Jack at College, dispels all the clouds that lower over him. Now then, "Away with melancholy—begone, dull care." Ho for a feast! "and to-night let us merry, merry be, for to-morrow we'll grow sober." How you exult, and is it not a glorious day? The beaming sun gilds everything! Richly the girls' cheeks bloom, and playfully their pearly little teeth sparkle in the light. How much everything improves while

we have that modern Merlin—Money—at our disposal! A hundred times we've conned our lessons, as visions of what might be enjoyed with the sum now in our possession flitted before our tired, nauseated eyes, and stood between those lessons, and made us hate them. But we shall have revenge for all—we will repay ourselves for the sorry moments we passed in the penniless company of Greek roots and Algebraic formulas; we will live out our money grandly—wildly, like some gay and frivolous prince; and the boys shall hear of us, tell wonderful tales of the times we had, and envy us the genius of knowing how to create a lark; *“so to-night we'll merry, merry be, and to-morrow we'll grow sober.”*

So the world goes with the Freshman, who ripens, reaches maturity, and develops into the Sophomore. The latter gives up his place at last, and our once diffident, anxious little man, with so many forebodings, timid from numerous hazings, sees himself suddenly transferred from the slums of obscurity to the dignity of College tyrant. The more he suffered in the previous stage, the more those shall be made to suffer whom misfortune and fond parents have now put in his vacant place. He and his classmates flit about the College halls like fiends, and the versatility of mischief becomes colossal. Ho! for the torture we can inflict! Ho! for the College pump! Ho! for the smoking process! Ho! for the sight of half naked Freshmen shivering in the cold! Ho! for rushes on the Campus green! Ho! for high hats and independence! Now Macaulay's spirit lights upon us, and Macaulayan antitheses throw out their showy sparkle everywhere. Now we fix our minds upon Rabelais, Swift, the Decameron, certain satires of Juvenal, and the expurgated portions of Horace. Indeed, our aversion to expurgated editions is at this time intense and notorious. We study the early novel, and there are passages in Fielding and Smollett over which we grow obstreperous and are profoundly edified. A curious creature are we, the Sophomore, especially when Sophomore by the grace of God, for then more than at any time are we conscious of everything but the difference between paste and the real rhetorical jewel. From the brazen cavern between our fresh and downy lips, sounding sentences roll like bolts of thunder from the hand of Jove; and as to the girls—celestial beings—they float in rose-hued clouds before our youthful visions, and our gallantry be-

comes touching, delicate and universal. But it is a bad year, and the interval between it and the year just passed is often the interval between boyish innocence and the wisdom that brings grief. Trace it back yourselves, brothers, and not few among you, as you contemplate that time, will wish there never had been a Sophomore year—so painful are the memories. We are unfortunately a doomed race, and sin is our heritage. The cup must be drained to the dregs, else we know not that dregs are, but by hearsay. Yet it was a merry time with all its many guilty recollections, and likely every one of us would live it over just the same—jeering at experience, laughing caution to the winds, for boys are merry, careless, thriftless of every virtue, hot blooded, generous to a fault; and niggardliness, envy, harrowing care, are the products of a later day, that come along with manhood's struggles, suffering and despair. Who would not give some of life's best successes to bury Livy again, in that pompous, mock-solemn fashion, surrounded by his old-time class-mates, with the same rosy flush of health in his cheeks, the same buoyant spirit, and the same hopes of future renown swelling in his young breast? Ah, that leads to another recollection, and brings back the maddest, merriest time of all the College course. Do you remember the last lesson given in mathematics—what a universal sigh of relief arose in the class-room that the prosy tyrant whom Thales, Leibnitz and Newton had fashioned, was now to release us from his testy sway, and lord it over an unhappy batch of successors? How we seized his mortal remains in the various shapes in which he had thrust his unsightly presence upon us, and, as Algebra, Geometry, the Calculus, buried him with demoniac hoots and yells in the College Campus, at the stilly hour of midnight! The red gleam of our torches lighted up a scene that made the hair of every spectator stand on end. Bed-sheets had been pilfered for the occasion, and each man, arrayed in one, presented the ghastly look of a spectre. Solemnly the Patriarch of the class pronounced the funeral obsequies, dolefully a hymn to the departed was chanted, and then began a dance madder than the veriest savage had ever tripped. The spectral sheets fluttered wildly in the black night air; the burial torches flashed about like will-o'-the-wisps; shrieks, yells, whoops and shouts commingled in terrible dissonance; while the measures danced became more hideous with each round, until the very

participants themselves grew scared at the madness of their sport.

And then the glorious feast that followed—the feast with its few sober survivors. Dish after dish you still recall, and all went well until the brimming beaker began to pass, and then oblivion came slowly stealing over you, for, unlike the wise ones, you drained your cup at every toast, and there's a bitter penalty attached to that which makes the brilliant thoughts that so profusely flash up in one's brain at the beginning of the feast grow shy and diffident, hang back, and finally fail altogether. Your light and active tongue gradually turned leaden, while an endless amount of generosity and good will toward all mankind rose copiously to the surface, as the fumes of wine slyly settled in your brain. Big tears began to fill your maudlin eyes. You sought at last to embrace each of your classmates, anxious to tell him that he was the best and only friend you had in God's world, and that you would never leave the place till you had safely seen him home—but for some reason you always missed your mark and embraced the empty air.

Ah, liquor, siren with the relentless Nemesis—we go to you for cheer, and the welkin rings with laughter to the clinking of full glasses. Then the music that floats on the air becomes sweeter—then the soul takes flight and soars above sordid things—then the sun shines brighter and our hearts feel light and free—then our love is an angel, our friend is a good fellow, a hearty confidence pervades us, and we feel that

“The merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.”

But a day sometimes comes when our palaces lie in ruins, when our idols are shattered, when faith is gone and dark clouds envelope all. Oh, protean Misfortune! A false woman loved too well, a toilsomely got fortune swept suddenly away, the loss of an adored wife, privation, ill-luck, despair, all urge toward the flowing cup. And this same cup that raised our hopes so high, that fed our faith so lustily, that made the world so bright, is drained again to ease the bitter pangs of disappointment, to drown remorse, to numb the soul, to stupify the paining senses, to draw a curtain on the past; and the poor blear-eyed wretch creeps to it, shivering, miserable, seeking relief as a famished

wayfarer, who has wearily plodded midst storm and darkness, would seek shelter by a ruddy fireside.

To the ruin of how many a brilliant career has liquor laid the foundation! It is so subtle, it cheers so blithely, it tempts by such irresistible methods; and the world is full of so many illusions, and the pain of disillusion is so poignant, that liquor comes to men and women like the nepenthe of the Gods. That is, when we have doffed the College garb and gone out into the world; for, as undergraduates, we know little of the struggles of life, less of the wiles of astute men and the guiles of designing women, nothing at all of a spent life and overwhelming disappointment. In these sapient days we think that liquor was designed to play an important part at a feast, and just the thing to drink our neighbor under the table with. Then we grow noisy over our cups, and laugh loud at the prostrate forms of our fellow-revellers, sing merry songs that have a hale and hearty chorus, which we render with a snap at the end of each line. And people become surprised at all the noise, and we become surprised that it is looked upon as a disturbance, and peace is nowhere, while every soul that wishes to enjoy a quiet night's rest is forthwith set down as a milksop, a booby, a spoony, and all tutors are our personal enemies, whom we wish every ill, and at whom we level every malediction. Best leave these things and pass to where the last lecture upon metaphysics had been delivered, and we were expected to survive the examinations preparatory to Commencement, the sad time of class-day. Oh, hilarity that was but a mask of the bitter grief at parting. Proud and erect we marched across the College Campus to where the class-tree stood. The sweet music of the band floated over and around us. Its strains dallied with the summer breeze—sank lower and lower, the cadence slowly melting till it sadly died away. Upon the rich green grass around the class-tree we boys formed a circle to smoke the last pipe of tobacco together, and watch the smoke carry away in its blue bosom every bitterness, all our quarrels and all our differences. Then the smoking song was chanted, and, as the chorus ascended heavenward, we rose, broke our pipes, and one by one we threw the fragments into the grave that already held the class records, and each of us shovelled a spade full of sod into the hole. Hearts swelled to bursting, and tears rose up to eyelids in

heavy, almost uncontrollable masses, for was this not the last time we boys would be together? Would this day's sun not set upon our youth forever? Were not these ceremonies breaking the last link that united us to happy boyhood? Farewell to all our joys—to all forever! Could any triumph at Commencement compensate us for our poignant feelings then? Oh no; but temporarily we might forget them, for Commencement is such a grand and stately occasion for the graduate. He confronts a sea of faces, and launches at the audience his dicta upon science, literature and art, in a bold, confident manner, as becomes the hero of the day. His name stands on the programme, and is read by every one. His oration is heard by every one, and when he finishes and retires every one seems proud of his prowess, for every one applauds. Now and then a graduate is honored with a floral tribute to his effort, and gracefully doth he bend to pick it up, and charmingly doth he courtesy to express his thanks. This is the day of awards, when honor men are created and medals are taken. Pardon the pride of the first gold medalist. He is so elated that his heart swells and contracts in a tumult of emotion. It is perhaps the first momentous achievement of his life. He has not had time to grow used to such things. Even in after years, when perhaps more brilliant success has attained his efforts, he will contemplate this moment as the proudest of his life. It is indeed an epoch—one of the seven stages of existence; likewise the beginning of the end.

Lucky that the future is hidden from us all. That makes Commencement a day of unalloyed pleasure. The new-fledged graduate is but a bare theorist in the face of life's struggles, and has no conception of the difficulties connected with the creation of a career. If he had a conception, perhaps it would make suicide preferable to the struggle in store. But the fates leave us to find out everything by degrees, and if despair seizes us, 'tis ever at the close, when all looks hopeless, and the last effort has been spent. Strong wills are not always granted with great abilities, so genius sometimes falls victim to the pangs of neglect and disappointment. The struggle for fame is bitterer by far than the struggle for subsistence. The dauntlessness of envy and the ingenuity of competition dispute every inch of ground which the newling seeks to gain. What a many-sided

creature is malice found to be, and how many diverse phases man's bitterness develops! A host of circumstances hover over the aspirant to crush him, and crushed he will be if he have not a thousand lives to survive a thousand slights. Whosoever goes out into this world with radiant hopes of glorious success, that has not had their hopes dashed into atoms countless times, has not achieved a name; nor may he ever hope to, because man and the universal law of compensation demand pay in bitter coin for every step they let one take above his fellows. Therefore the man who is born great may honestly be envied by his less fortunate brother. The gifts that make a rich man's son a genius are most modest and mediocre in the poor plodder's boy. And even brains of greatest calibre need patronage to give their owner due position, so that nothing weighs heavier and impedes more than sturdy independence. The shallow scribbler of platitudes may chant praises to self-help, but it is all a bitter delusion. The thing is too modest, and recognition is only secured by hard fighting, with constant assistance from every source. An impetus must be given to destroy the ponderous inertia of obscurity. But the poor graduate, fresh from Commencement, weighed down, perhaps, by its laurels, knows not of all this. God grant he may soon find out all. God grant that he have influential friends ready to lubricate his passage to a successful career. Here in this world of half quacks and whole quacks brain is so often ignored that it cannot always be depended upon. But powerful friends have influence, and influence brings position, and position brings prestige even to the mediocrity, until they find him out, and then—what then? Why, most times another mediocrity. You poor College graduate, with some of the divine afflatus in your soul—with a heart still to be calloused by a knowledge of all these things—what terrible suffering you must undergo; what scalding tears will course down your manly cheeks; what bitter despair will shake your honest heart; what manifold woe the coming years will unfold for you. But struggle on; let hope cheer you; let disappointments nerve you to greater efforts. The godlike within you will tell grandly at last, for so told it has among those whose mark you bear from time out of mind. Struggle on! The sun will rise one day, when a world shall view your works with wonder, and a niche high up among the great ones will be your reward. Starve on, too, determined

this goal to reach, and take your reward after the tired, ill-treated body that encased your mighty soul has long mingled with the dust, for hark you, The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding sure.



THE AGE OF GOLD.

"Aurum omnes, victa jam pietate, volunt."

Brethren of the Theta Delta Chi.

When the Committee of the Chi Charge did me the honor of asking me to prepare something for this convention. I informed them that my time was so completely occupied, it would be impossible for me to devote any for that purpose. They then said it would be sufficiently satisfactory if I would read the paper I delivered before the Fraternity some sixteen years ago—to which I consented; but upon looking it over, there was so much—then pertinent—which has long since lapsed into the limbo of forgotten events, that I found (as cooks add spice to the remnants of yesterday's joint, in order to make the warmed up dish more palatable), it was a culinary necessity to sprinkle this concoction with a little contemporaneous pepper, to give it a kind of present flavor.

Of this though, you may be assured, that however the substantial repast you have just enjoyed may affect your physical digestion, my literary *trifle* is so light, you need have no fear of intellectual dyspepsia.

So having made this preliminary explanation, I shall proceed to serve out the *réchauffé* of rhyme.

I AM expected—by the bill, it seems—
To read "*a Poem.*" I hope no one dreams,
Or has the most remote anticipation,
That I've attempted any such creation.

I only promise a few random rhymes—
 Glancing occasionally at the times.
 A fruitful theme, with which I dare not hope
 That I have strength successfully to cope ;
 But be assured of this, the words you'll hear,
 Though rugged, will be honest and sincere.
 It may be, I shall treat in lightsome vein
 Of matters which deserve, and would obtain
 From wiser heads than mine, severer thought,
 And if I lack the skill, 'tis not my fault,
 But rather want of due deliberation
 In the committee of this celebration ;
 Who, since they've honored thus my humble name,
 In simple justice must endure the blame.
 So having comfortably shifted o'er
 The burthen which, till now, I meekly bore—
 It is so pleasant to remove the pack
 Of one's own errors to another's back—
 A most illegal transfer, by the way,
 And made much oftener than we choose to say—
 I, like new shriven rogues of early times,
 Proceed to lay up a fresh stock of crimes,
 Solely depending, for my sin's remission,
 Upon such periodical contrition.
 To think about a poem then's absurd,
 I'm not responsible, mind, for the word ;
 The same committee is at fault again—
 It is their sin, and so it must remain.
 I simply hint that I should hold it shame
 To give this doggrel such a mighty name.
 POETRY, perfect language of the soul,
 Direct and faithful, scorning the control
 Of lies conventional, the trained deceit
 That makes our thought and speech so seldom meet
 In unison, warped by the worldly rules
 That truth confines to madmen or to fools.
 In this dilemma, what am I to do ?
 I would call on the MUSE, but, *entre nous*,
 We do not visit—I have oft before
 Rung most politely at the Muses' door,

And left my carā, with that extreme propriety
 Exemplified in all genteel society,
 But always found that they were "not at home,"
 And back, abashed, of course I had to come—
 A most conclusive proof in my own mind
 That the acquaintance is by them declined.
 And such a simply personal rebuff
 To a retiring rhymers' hint enough,
 Especially when they are more compliant
 In other quarters. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
 Is hand and glove with them, quite at his ease is,
 Can call on them or not, just as he pleases.
 The intimacy is not at all affected,
 E'en by the shameful way they've been neglected.
 To many others they've been most polite—
 The classic LONGFELLOW has but to write
 A single line to bring them to his side.
 Indeed, so lovingly are they allied,
 And so complete their intimacy is,
 That now they scarcely know their home from his,
 And wonder very often where the deuce it's
 Placed, in Macedon or Massachusetts.
 Adventurous TAYLOR through the Arctic roves,
 Yet they, forgetting their Pierian groves,
 Shame not to travel with him side by side,
 And through untrodden fields his footsteps guide.
 Oh! those eternal flirts, had I the time,
 Nor feared the dull monotony of rhyme;
 Why, what a crowd could be enumerated
 Of names with which theirs are associated;
 Titanic WHITTIER, honored be the soul
 That spurns oppression's infamous control,
 And in Life's terribly unequal fight,
 Whate'er the cause, still battles for the right.
 A youthful poet, of the present hour,
 Strikes with strong hand the chords of Western power.
 A THETA DELT, we glory in his fame,
 And twine this votive garland round his name.
 The lowliest subjects, by his pen refined,
 Like Zeuxis' paintings, show the master mind.

And what a broad humanity the whole
 Pervades—the true religion of the soul!
 The sun shone brilliantly upon the day
 The world had garnered in that crop of HAY.
 Another form appears—the wise and witty—
 Dr. O. W. HOLMES, of Boston City—
 Who, by the will of most capricious fate,
 Must his true intuition abrogate,
 Enforced to turn on the prudential hose
 Upon the bright flame that within him glows.
 Alas! that he should make such great concession
 To the requirements of his *grave* profession—
 Relentless exigency gives no quarter,
 But pounds its Poets in an iron mortar.

'Tis seldom in their day the olive crown
 Is given to those who best deserve renown.
 Great names come filtered through the sands of time—
 That in their time those very sands obscured;
 Even he whose genius was the most sublime
 In his own day the world's neglect endured.

Great Nature's arch-magician, to whose spell
 The varied passions of the human soul
 Must quick obedience yield, a myriad minds
 In one conjoined, a universe of thought
 Within the compass of one mortal brain,
 Obscure, untitled, from the laboring million
 The hand of Fate raised up this paragon
 To overtop the highest;—kings will pass away,
 Nay, their whole lineage be forgotten dust,
 Empires will rise and fall, new worlds be found
 Where Knowledge now declares a void, whole races
 Disappear, and yet amid the general change,
 While there exists one record of his land
 Or language, and mankind would think of him
 Who has pre-eminently honored both,
 Spontaneous to the lips will come the name
 Of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

What shall his crown be? Not the laurel leaf,

That, blood-besprinkled, decks the warrior's head,
 Who grasps at glory as destruction's chief,
 A living monument to thousands dead,
 Bequeathing a vast legacy of grief;
 Some pest incarnate, fed with human life,
 Born of ambition or the lust of strife.

In regal diadem shall we proclaim
 Him monarch? *That* would circumscribe his worth.
 A kingly coronet would only shame
 The kinglier *thought*, whose realm is the whole earth.
 Such petty vanities but mock his fame;
 Profane it not, He is all crowns above,
 Hero of PEACE! Evangelist of LOVE!

Erewhile we've heard how throbb'd the mighty heart
 Of PEGASUS, yoked to a village cart,
 How strained his trembling limbs to drag the load,
 While his frame quivered from the piercing goad,
 But only for a space, the indignant soul,
 Spurning the savage husbandman's control,
 With one prodigious effort burst the traces,
 And, as is usual in all such cases,
 Smashed up the wagon and contrived to pitch
 The dolt who drove into a muddy ditch;
 Then pawing with disdain the vulgar ground
 Snorting defiance to the crew around,
 Clove with strong pinion the congenial air,
 By Phæbus mounted, to the hind's despair,
 Who saw no miracle, marked not the rise
 Of the enfranchised courser to the skies,
 But cursed the fate that prompted him to buy
 A beast with such a tendency to shy.
 This truth, however, his experience told,
 In a horse-trade one party must be sold.
 Our modern PEGASUS is not so nice,
 Though now and then he may possess a spice
 Of the old spirit, and be somewhat restive,
 He's kept in wholesome check by the digestive
 For he no more ethereally feeds
 On Heliconian dews, but rather needs

Robuster fare, and is—the fates deliver us!—
 Amazingly inclined to the carnivorous.
 His wings are clipped, and now he seldom soars
 Beyond the sphere of advertising stores.
 His bated breath no more salutes the gales,
 But fills with languid puffs trade's flagging sails,
 Lauds without stint or strength, hats, boots, or coats,
 Contented if he earn his daily oats.
 And there are many in this "Gradgrind" age
 Would rather see him harnessed to a stage—
 Fourteen inside, and just as many more
 As can squeeze in or hang upon the door—
 Than have him from his slavery arise.
 To range at will the unproductive skies.
 Ours is a money-ruled commercial age,
 Its acts the substance of a ledger's page;
 Its deeds by the prospective profits swayed—
 The universal aim—to *make a trade*.
 The world is one great mart—not over nice—
 And nothing is but has its market price;
 Fame, Power, Pleasure, nay, we *have* been told,
 That even *Freemen's votes* are *sometimes* sold.
 'Tis said—of course by some enormous blunder—
 That PLACE is but a synonym for PLUNDER,
 That politicians have been sometimes known,
 To Public welfare, to prefer their own;
 And only fools, who don't know to win,
 Go out of office poor as they went in,
 That to the understanding of the meanest
 'Tis plain our city's ways are not the cleanest,
 And spite of all the obloquy it meets,
 Incapability still sweeps the streets.
 'Tis hinted—but that must be defamation,
 That even in the council of the nation
 There are some statesmen who—the Press has said it—
 Took shares in schemes not greatly to their credit,
 And many long thought honorable names
 Were prompted by disreputable *aims*.
 In fine, did we believe what they impart, a
 New Lycurgus rules another Sparta,
 And the most honored in the common weal,

Are those who most successfully can steal.
 No change there can be, while the money power,
 Tyrannic rules, the idol of the hour;
 Each sordid worshiper his fellow mocks,
 Nor counts his worth, except it be in stocks,
 And to the glittering apex lifts his eyes,
 Nor heeds the mud heap whence its altars rise.
 Even INTELLIGENCE, to honor dead,
 Shames not to dabble for its daily bread,
 With sullied fingers in the fetid mire,
 But loudly strikes its desecrated lyre
 In praise of all that rectitude detests,
 And in obedience to the vile behests
 Of a degrading, vitiated taste,
 Up from the blackest depth by vice disgraced,
 Uncleansed, and reeking with infectious slime,
 Drags foul licentiousness and brutal crime,
 Veils their deformity in tempting guise,
 And then exclaims, "See how the world belies
 Poor slandered infamy,"—behold how rare
 And beautiful those lovely forms appear.
 Bedazzled by such meretricious gauds,
 The blind and unreflecting world applauds.
 Profitless decency looks idly on,
 Grieving to see its occupation gone,
 A little envious, it must be allowed,
 To find its opposite so please the crowd.
 Now circumstance and its reflected page,
 The printed transcripts of the passing age,
 Are with the weird and terrible so rife,
 So filled with images of blood and strife,
 Each publication with its fellow vies
 Which shall most startlingly familiarize
 The general mind with scenes of the "*Intense*,"
 That crime, made common, no more shocks the sense,
 But men the daily catalogue of vices
 Peruse as calmly the market prices.
 Erewhile, in distant climes the trumpet's blare
 Wakes slumbering WAR up from his hideous lair,
 For cause most causeless, haply the desire
 To give some princeling baptism of fire,

Or else some crafty knavery of state
 In wholesale carnage to obliterate;
 Meanwhile, as thousands upon thousands bleed,
 Religion's dignitaries bless the deed,
 Chanting Te Deums, too, from time to time;
 As though they'd fain, with impudence sublime,
 Make Heaven itself abettor in the crime.
 Thus, to *my* mind, the anthem's form should be—
 The real import of such blasphemy.

THE HYMN OF PRINCES.

LORD! we have given, in thy name,
 The peaceful villages to flame.
 Of all, the dwellers we've bereft,
 No trace of hearth, no roof-tree left.
 Beneath our war-steeds' iron tread,
 The germ of future life is dead.
 We have swept o'er it like a blight,
 To Thee the praise, *O God of Right!*

We have let loose the demon chained
 In bestial hearts, that unrestrained
 Infernal revel it may hold,
 And feast on villainies untold,
 With ravening drunkenness possess'd,
 And mercy banished from each breast;
 All war's atrocities above
 To Thee the praise, *O God of Love!*

Some hours ago, on yonder plain,
 There stood, six hundred thousand men
 Made in thine image, strong and rife
 With hope, and energy, and life,
 And none but had some prized one, dear,
 Grief-stricken, wild with anxious fear,
 A third of them we have made ghosts;
 To Thee the praise, *O Lord of Hosts!*

Thy sacred temples we've not spared,
 For they the broad destruction shared,
 The annals of time-honored lore,

Lost to the world, are now no more.
 What reck we if the holy fane
 And learning's dome are mourned in vain?
 Our work those landmarks to efface;
 To Thee the praise, *O Lord of Grace!*

Secure, behind a wall of steel,
 To watch the yielding columns reel,
 While round them sulphurous clouds arise,
 Foul incense wafting to the skies,
 From our home-manufactured Hell,
 Is royal pastime we like well,
 As momentarily Death's ranks increase;
 To Thee the praise, *O God of Peace!*

Thus shall it be, while human kind,
 Madly perverse or wholly blind,
 Will so complacently be led
 At our command their blood to shed
 For lust of conquest, or the sly,
 Deceptive, diplomatic lie;
 To us the gain, to them the ruth,
 To Thee the praise, *O God of Truth!*

Oh! world insensate, that for petty crime
 Outwears with verbose laws the ear of Time,
 But when self-gorged it swells to monstrous growth,
 Law and the grovelling world, besotted both,
 Hail it with frantic shouts, until the shame
 Tossed upward on their breath mounts into FAME!

TIME yet, with tragic front that ever lowers,
 Stabs his ensanguined record on the hours,
 Leaving behind him, in his footsteps gory,
 Subjects for many a dramatic story.
 This would be terrible, did we not know
 That much of the time's fierceness is mere show—
 Bravado only, and the crimson taint
 Is very often nothing but red paint.
 Just as I'm told, but can't believe it true,
 The soft and delicate carnation hue

On beauty's cheek is sometimes but illusion,
 Produced by putting a slight tinge—confusion !
 This is high treason against all the Graces—
 'Tis only savages that paint their faces.

It's clear to me, upon slight retrospection,
 That had I but indulged in due reflection,
 Or, as I should have done ere I began,
 Marked out the faintest shadow of a plan,
 I would not now be forced to the admission
 That I am in a perilous position.
 My mulish Pegasus, I grieve to say,
 Both blind and lame, has somehow lost his way,
 Treading with me an unaccustomed road,
 Or tired it may be of the heavy load
 He has to bear—I'm over jockey weight—
 I cannot urge him into any gait.
 The fact is, when I got upon his back,
 I found him such a sorry, headstrong hack,
 I feared a most uncomfortable ride,
 So prone to bolt and shy from side to side ;
 So let him have the rein, that at his ease
 He might jog on wherever he should please.
 For my bad horsemanship he pays me dearly,
 For having exercised me most severely,
 Galloping recklessly through field and flood,
 At last he flings me floundering in the mud.
 I lack the skill to manage him at all,
 And I don't want to risk another fall—;
 That might, who knows, be in a harder spot ;
 So now that off his back I've fairly got,
 With the rough beast no longer will I roam,
 But take him quietly and lead him home,
 Inly resolving never such a step a-
 Gain to take or emulate MAZEPPA—
 You probably have seen *his* "untamed steed"
 Up canvas hills, down painted valleys speed,
 Terrific wilds and trackless wastes explore,
 Through an extent of *thirty feet or more!*
 Doing, by force of concentrating power,
 His thousand miles or so within an hour.

But when the curtain's down, the "fiery steed
 Of such prodigious strength and matchless breed,
 Turns out to be some poor old Circus hack,
 So long inured to the dull beaten track,
 That to his task he's disinclined to stir,
 Unless persuaded by the whip and spur.
 I won't point out a simile so subtle,
 But in the language of old Captain Cuttle,
 Ask you to "overhaul the observation,
 And when you've found it, *make the application.*"

Now to conclude my unambitious rhyme,
 I think I hear you say—'tis almost time—
 I've but a few more words to say, and those
 Reserved, like sweetest morsels, for the close.
 How beautiful, amid the cares of life,
 The transient bitterness of party strife,
 The thousand devious separated ways
 Through which men journey in maturer days—
 A scene like this, that for a space renews
 On life's meridian the refreshing dews
 Of its young morn. To see hands grasping hands
 With equal ardor, while the clogging sands
 That time has heaped up since the days of yore
 Are swept away, and we are boys once more.
 What is the mystic power that can compel
 Such joy as this? 'Tis FRIENDSHIP's sacred spell—
 FRIENDSHIP! that death's keen arrow cannot quell;
 For while the eternal stars night's purple robe
 Begem, while swings in space the pendent globe,
 FRIENDSHIP must live. Ah! may its impulse high
 Still guard and guide the THETA DELTA CHI.





ORIGIN AND FOUNDERS OF THE THETA DELTA CHI.

Brothers in Theta Delta Chi :

THE history of the origin of our Society ought to be written without more years of delay, since it is unknown to the members in general, and liable, owing to the pitiless march of Death, to fall into cureless oblivion. We issued from Union College, a prolific mother of the peculiar secret societies that pick their names out of the Greek Alphabet, and their members out of American institutions of education. Excluding local societies, and the Phi Beta Kappa, which is merely honorary, the list of College fraternities begins with the Kappa Alpha, founded in 1823, and ends (of societies of any importance) with the Phi Kappa Psi, founded in 1852. Between these years, Union College, under the presidency of Dr. Nott, was very flourishing, and at our birth-year, 1847, had touched the zenith of her glory. Several societies existed at Union before *us*, but they were far from filling the room that the large membership of the College made, and the class to which our founders belonged was larger than any previous one, and graduated 140 persons. Of the six students who began the Theta Delta Chi Society two are still living, one has recently entered the tomb, and three passed through its gloomy portals many years ago, but none are forgotten. Death, who takes our members, cannot destroy their share in the hearts of the survivors, nor dim the ever-brightening colors with which memory paints the form and actions of the loved and lost.

Theodore B. Brown was born in Schenectady, in 1830, and entered the Freshman class in 1845. He had a medium height, slender form and delicate frame, black eyes, black hair and dark complexion. He was nervous, sensitive and modest, and needed to be well known to be appreciated. He was of Presbyterian faith and Puritan character, and lived so entirely

above reproach that it was hardly possible for him to have an enemy. His friendship was heartfelt, and extended to all with whom he was intimate. He was studious in his habits, and talented, though not brilliant. He graduated nineteenth in his class. He went into business in Schenectady, in partnership with his father, and shortly died.

William G. Aiken was the son of a well-to-do farmer of Greenbush, N. Y. He was born in 1830, and entered Freshman in 1845. He was of medium height and rather stout, with full face, florid complexion and hazel eyes. He had dark-brown hair, and wore a goatee. He dressed well, and was proud of his appearance, and, as his foot was very small, never put on any but the neatest of boots. He had gentlemanly manners, jolly disposition, warm, generous heart, and handsome, good-humored face. While he passed through College without discredit, he was fonder of the society of the ladies of Schenectady than of that of the Greek and Latin lexicons; and he took more interest in the figures of Terpsichore than in those of Legendre. Consequently, he graduated nearer the foot than the head of his class. He studied medicine with Dr. March, of Albany, and attended two courses of lectures at the Albany Medical College. Then he entered the office of Dr. Green, of New York, and took his M. D. in the New York Medical College. He began practice in Albany, and there married a Miss Smith. Getting few patients, in 1854 he left his wife and daughter with his parents, at Greenbush, and removed to Chicago, where he had a prospect of establishing himself. Not long after his arrival the cholera, at that time epidemic, claimed him, and he died among persons who had recently been strangers, but whom he had made warm friends by his genial qualities.

William Hyslop was from Rhinebeck, N. Y., born in 1829, and entered the Freshman class in 1845. He was tall and slim, straight as an arrow, and very proud in his bearing. He had black hair and black eyes, and a face made handsome by an intellectual cast of features. His life was pure and chivalric, and his friendship is a sacred memory to them that enjoyed it. He ranked fifteenth in his class. At Commencement he recited a poem, entitled "The Death of Mozart," in which, by direction of Dr. Nott, he introduced a valedictory address. He went from College to New York City, entered his brother's office as a stu-

dent of medicine, attended lectures two years at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and took M. D. He was one year Assistant House Physician in Bellevue Hospital, and then joined his brother in private practice in East Broadway. He gave promise of a highly successful career and an autumn of life crowded with the rich fruits of able and honorable endeavor, a promise not to be fulfilled, for in 1854 he fell a victim to typhoid fever, contracted during his attendance on the sick.

Samuel F. Wile was the son of a clergyman of Pleasant Valley, N. Y. He was small of stature, and of somewhat delicate health. He had light hair and blue eyes. His character was genial and his scholarship good. After graduating he studied medicine for a time, became tired of it and passed a year in business. He then took up a seafaring life and went to the Antipodes, and for eighteen years struggled with the winds of the South Pacific Ocean, and baffled the rage of Australian seas. He resided twelve years in New Zealand. At the solicitation of friends he returned to the United States in 1870, and went into business at St. Stephen's, South Carolina. He died there in October, 1872, leaving no children. His widow has departed to her native country, South America. The details of this wayward life are shrouded from us, but it is some gratification to a natural sentiment to know that the wanderer found his port of final rest in the soil of his native land. When Dr. Gilbert wrote to him in 1871 he was greatly surprised to hear again of the Theta Delta Chi Society, of which his distant and eventful life had dulled the memory; but at the sight of the names sent him as those of the founders, he said that the countenances of all these College comrades came up before him vividly enough to draw their portraits. He was proud of his share in the origin of the Society, and apparently anticipating an early death, he expressed a desire that, if any history of Theta Delta Chi was published, a copy should be sent to his father, who lives on the banks of the Hudson.

Abel Beach was born in Groton, N. Y., in 1829. He entered the Sophomore class in 1846. He staid out to teach during his senior year. He had a medium stature, large eyes of hazel color, brown hair and fair complexion. He was of plain appearance, retiring disposition and diffident character; but with a cheerful temper and merry laugh, not a little humor and unfail

ing common sense. He was a pleasant companion, a good whist-player and a sincere friend. He was unusually faithful to all the duties of a student's life, and remarkably careful and orderly. The maximum in the class of 1849 was three hundred, and Mr. Beach "took a full bill," with eleven others, between whom there was no difference in graduating rank. After leaving College he taught a while in Ithaca Academy, N. Y., then in Eastern Virginia, and then in Westfield Academy, N. Y. A bronchial affection induced him to abandon teaching, and he read law in the office of Messrs. Marvin Bros., Buffalo, and practiced a short time in Ithaca, N. Y. In 1854 he removed to Iowa, where, finding his anticipations realized of an improvement in health, he took the chair of Latin and Greek in the Iowa State University when it first opened. The return of his bronchial difficulties caused him to resign this position at the end of a single term. In 1856 he married a lady who had been a former pupil, the daughter of Col. Bowen, of Iowa City. Mr. Beach then served four years as Deputy Auditor of State. He subsequently edited a morning paper in Keokuk, but the nightwork required proved injurious to his health. For the last eight years he has been successfully engaged in the book and stationery trade in Iowa City. The cares of business, I judge, are not entirely agreeable, for he wrote to Dr. Gilbert in 1871: "To the soul which has once tasted the fruits of a higher life than the mere struggle for earthly subsistence, or the chasing of that phantom called wealth, there comes at times a sad and inexpressible regret that the bright visions of our youth have come to so serious a waking, and that after all we find ourselves struggling shoulder to shoulder with the masses for those worldly fruits which crumble to ashes when brought within our grasp. How pleasant then, in this uncertain and unsatisfying struggle, is the reflection that we have been instrumental in planting or sustaining some institution which shall live beyond the brief allotment of our mortal life, and bless whoever may come within the pale of its influence." Mr. Beach is well-known and universally respected where he resides. He is a Republican in politics, and in religion, a Methodist. He has had three sons, two are living, and I doubt not will ere long receive warm welcome at the door of some Theta Delta Chi Lodge.

Andrew Heatley Green must not be confounded with Andrew

H. Green of this city, who has plenty of honors of his own, but is not entitled to the honor of founding the Theta Delta Chi Society. Our Andrew H. Green was born in Utica, in 1830. His father was a farmer in good circumstances, but not rich. Andrew Green was examined for admission to Union College in the summer of 1845, and returned home to prosecute the studies of the Freshman year; he joined his class first term Sophomore. He was of medium height, very erect, and rather stout; he had a complexion somewhat florid, sandy hair, blue eyes, bright and keen. He was a whole-souled, straightforward young man, honest and sturdy, and without any airs about him. He was dignified in manner, but not reserved; on the contrary, very cordial, and not averse to joviality; but though social, he was fond of the right sort of companionship only, which fact accounts naturally for his joining the Theta Delta Chi Society. He came from Utica Academy a good scholar in Latin, Greek and French, and went through College very creditably, but did not give sufficiently close application to the higher mathematics. He excelled in literary performances, and had one of the best places at Commencement.

He taught school one year in Powhatan County, Virginia. He studied law in the office of Spencer & Kernan in Utica, and was admitted to the Bar in 1851; he served one year as City Clerk, and ran unsuccessfully for the office of City Attorney. At the Theta Delta Chi Convention in Schenectady, in 1854, he was the Orator. He accepted from Commodore William Mervine the position of Commodore's Secretary and Judge Advocate of the United States Pacific Squadron. In a two years cruise on the the flagship Independence he visited Rio Janeiro and the principal ports of both sides of the Pacific Ocean, and wrote letters descriptive of various places, as correspondent of "The Utica Observer" and "New York Journal of Commerce." He served as Judge Advocate in many important trials, with entire acceptability to the Court and the accused. About the end of 1855 he resigned his position, and after travelling in California returned to Utica, where he resumed the practice of the law. In 1857 he removed to St. Paul, Minnesota, and entered into law and politics there. He was warmly recommended by Horatio Seymour, and many other prominent Democrats, for appointment as Judge of the United States District Court for Dakota Territory, then

intended to be organized, but which was in fact not organized during Buchanan's administration. In the fall and winter of 1857 he made a romantic trip to the sources of the Mississippi, travelling several hundred miles on foot, and as many in birch canoes, and passing some weeks in a camp of the Chippewa Indians far from any white settlement. In 1860, under the desire to live in his native State, and urged by friends he left a lucrative practice and returned to Utica, and the next year removed to Syracuse, where he had brothers. There he has practiced law with much success, and has been for the last two years Attorney and Counsel of the City. He is a sound lawyer, good writer and fair speaker, and as a man much respected. He carries on a farm of fifty-five acres within the city limits. He has always been a Democrat, and has frequently been president of the local Democratic organization, and delegate to the State Convention, but in the confused condition of politics at the last election he forgot himself so far as to vote for Grant and Wilson. He married in 1863 the eldest daughter of the Hon. Rutger B. Miller, and niece of Gov. Horatio Seymour. He has three sons, Theta Delts in the bud, and one daughter, who I suppose will be too proud of her father's honor to accept a husband who cannot entitle her to wear the Theta Delta Chi badge.

There was for a short time among the founders another person whose name I dedicate to oblivion. He entered Freshman in the fall of 1847. He boasted of riches, and was very noisy, with some worse traits of character. He was expelled from the Society, and left College soon afterwards. His subsequent life is unknown. I hesitated to speak of him, but do so partly from disinclination to omit anything important that took place, and partly that the expulsion, which is still approved by the surviving founders, may be a lesson of judicious firmness to the present chapters. The headlong rivalry of College Societies often leads to taking a well-appearing young man without sufficient investigation of his character, and hence every Society is occasionally, though of course very rarely, disgraced by a member who is either a sot, a liar, or a cheat. For such a distressing case there is but one efficient treatment, the bold surgery of expulsion. One bad fellow, if allowed to remain in a chapter, will frighten more than one good fellow from joining, and in after life his unscrupulous friendship prove a terror to the graduates.

The Theta Delta Chi Society is not a church to demand ascetic morality of its members, but there is a certain reasonably indulgent standard of honorable living that not any member should be allowed to fall short of. It is much more important to guard our membership than our secrets. If an excommunicate reveals anything it is an annoyance, but not a disgrace, except to himself, for we have no secrets discreditable, either because evil in themselves or because useful for the world to know.

The gentlemen I have named were, when our Society proclaimed itself, young men seventeen or eighteen years old, and members of the class of 1849, then having just entered the junior year. Their high standing in College is sufficiently proved by the fact that Hyslop, Beach and Brown were elected to the Phi Beta Kappa before graduation, and Green after. No rival Society did as well. As for the spirit and sentiments with which they founded the fraternity, Andrew Green testifies in 1873: "I cannot, however the poet may, ascribe the origin of the Theta Delta Chi to any extraordinary intervention of the Gods. It grew out of the social needs, natures, tastes, longings, sympathies and friendships of that noble band who first kindled the fires upon its altars. I speak of them other than myself as men than whom there were never any more fit to form or fasten the ties of a pure and enduring friendship. The Theta Delta Chi sought to cultivate, give expression to, and perpetuate in kind their lofty ideal of the passion that has ennobled the names of Damon and Pythias. As Hyslop and his fellows, living and dead, gave form to Theta Delta Chi, so did *it* impart fervor to them, and never was knight more true to his king or tender to his mistress than they to each other or to Theta Delta Chi. As a consequence the Society rose rapidly in importance, and its members found in their fraternal pride a strong stimulus and safeguard." Abel Beach testifies in a letter to Dr. Gilbert in 1871: "In the organization of our Society we aimed to combine good scholarship, pure morality and *love*—I may say—this love being a recognition of our social nature in every proper manifestation and pledged not only for the College course and those who happened to be our immediate associates, but for coming years and the sterner experiences of life, and also the members who should follow us and bear aloft the banner of our active forces whether in our own or other institutions of learning."

The project of forming the new Society was talked over and agreed upon in the Spring of 1847, and many meetings were held and great discussion was had with regard to the name, constitution and badge. The work was mainly intrusted to a committee of three, Mr. Green, Mr. Hyslop and Mr. Beach. The Fraternity owe a special debt of gratitude to Mr. Beach for the motto which is the corner-stone of our temple, and has proved so acceptable to every College generation of our members. Great care and labor were expended on the Constitution, which was wholly originated. To Mr. Green more than any other single person is due the credit of that admirable production. Mr. Beach made the first record of it in a beautiful book procured from New York for the purpose. In a letter to Dr. Gilbert in 1871, he says: "The particular wording of that instrument has passed from my memory, but I am sure its aims and sentiments were honorable, pure and praiseworthy, and I am gratified to know that it has proved a good and sufficient bond to hold in fraternal relations so many excellent members of our best institutions of learning." The organization of the Fraternity was consummated in October 1847. The founders passed through no formal initiation, but signed the Constitution and solemnly pledged themselves to abide by the obligations found therein.

The original badge was a small gold shield with a chased edge. It bore the stars and arrows as at present. It was worn by only two of the founders—Aiken and him who is here nameless. It was soon superseded by the large enameled shield familiar to all the older members. This badge was universally admired in Union College; its symbolical beauty making it superior to the monograms and mathematical figures of our rivals. The initiation service at first used was very slight, the present form not having been adopted until the fall of 1848. The earliest initiated members proved such valuable acquisitions and were so much appreciated, that there seems to have been some agreement that they should rank as founders of the Fraternity.

Frank E. Martindale was born in 1830, at Sandy Hill, N. Y. His father was a Whig member of Congress for twelve years. He entered the Sophomore class in the fall of 1847, and joined the Theta Delta Chi in January 1848. He was tall and well proportioned, of commanding yet pleasing exterior, with full face, gray eyes, hair abundant and somewhat inclined to curl. He had a strong voice and hearty laugh, and was very

frank and positive in his manner. He was a pleasant companion, and one of whom his friends had reason to be proud. After graduating well in 1850, he entered Dr. March's office, in Albany, and attended one course of lectures. In 1851 limited means obliged him to resort to teaching, and he was for one year Professor of Latin and Greek in the Military Institute, then flourishing, at Portsmouth, Virginia. He afterwards attended a course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y. He married, in 1852, the daughter of Brig.-Gen. D. Denyse, a resident of Staten Island. In 1853 he took M. D. in Albany, and the next year located himself in Brooklyn and endeavored to get patients, with indifferent success. In 1855 he was appointed Deputy Health Officer of the Port of New York. He resigned in 1857 and removed to Ottumwa, Iowa, where he entered into land speculations, which reduced him to poverty. In 1858 he returned to Sandy Hill, and leaving his family there, came to this city to practice his profession. When war broke out with the South he entered the Navy as a surgeon. He was present on the United States steamer *Montgomery* at the capture of New Orleans. Afterwards he was on the *Valley City*, a river gunboat stationed in the sounds of North Carolina. In 1864 he became Army surgeon, and was ordered to David's Island Hospital. In 1865 he received a commission as Major, and was put in command of the Dale General Hospital, at Worcester, Massachusetts. After the closing of the hospital he came to New York, where he acted as Sanitary Inspector during the cholera epidemic of 1867. The same year he removed to Port Richmond, Staten Island, where he has since remained in the successful practice of his benevolent profession. In politics the Doctor is strongly Republican. He has had five children—all girls—and the youngest is dead.

After Martindale, came in the Fondas. They were born (in *Montgomery*, N. Y.)—Jesse in 1823, and Theodore in 1825; and they were, consequently, more mature in person and character than their fellow-students. Their father was a clergyman, who died when they were small children. Their mother, with the self-sacrifice that comes easy to mothers, always contrived to keep her boys at school. Theodore Fonda joined the Sophomore class in the fall of 1847. He was considered a splendid fellow, and great efforts were made to get him for the Theta Delta Chi Society. He was initiated in March, 1848. At first, he regret-

ted the step he had taken, influenced by his brother Jesse, who was absent from Schenectady, and opposed to joining a new society. Theodore Fonda was tall, erect and well proportioned. His complexion was fair, and face slightly pock-marked. He had dark-blue eyes and dark-brown hair. His features expressed much intelligence, his mouth indicated great pride, and he was high-toned in his feelings. He had very pleasing manners, and made friends readily when he chose to exert the power, and he was very social with those he liked, but haughty and reserved to others. He was of cheerful disposition, and always saw things on the bright side. Although not a hard student, he stood well in his class. During their Junior year, he and his brother taught school in Westchester county. They returned to College in the fall of 1849, and graduated in 1850. Theodore Fonda studied law in the office of Stephen Cambreling, and practised in this city. He married, in 1857, the daughter of Frederick Fortmeyer. He was elected, in 1859, Civil Justice of one of the City Courts, by the Democratic party, to which he always belonged. He made a first-rate judge, though he had not been a great advocate. He died in 1869, leaving a widow, three sons and a daughter.

Jesse Fonda was not so tall as his brother, and not quite as good-looking. He had a high forehead, light complexion, blue eyes, dark hair and a somewhat hoarse, shrill voice. He was a fair student and agreeable companion, and strictly moral in his conduct. He was more quiet and less positive than his brother, but still with a streak of determination running through his character. He entered College, third term, Sophomore, in May, 1848. Becoming acquainted with the members of the new Society, he altered his opinion and accepted a proposition to join. He studied law with Edward Wells, of Peekskill, and was admitted to practice in 1852. He was in partnership with his brother till the election of the latter as judge, since which time he has been engaged in his profession in this city. Like his brother, he joined politics to the law, but unlike his brother, he took the side of the Republican party. He has never indulged in matrimony.

George D. Cowles, at present a prominent lawyer of Syracuse, Allen C. Beach, the late Lieutenant-Governor of this State, John R. French, Professor of Mathematics in Genesee College and William H. Merriam, formerly a journalist but now in business,

and several others I know less about, were initiated before the Class of 1849 graduated. But those whom I have sketched are all who are claimed to be founders of the Theta Delta Chi. Their honorable lives furnish confirmation of the great argument by which College fraternities justify themselves to the moralist, to wit, that within a small circle of participation they develop powerful altruistic feelings that effectually overcome selfishness, and becoming habitual lead forcibly to general benevolence. In their secret halls the tender plant of social love, guarded from rude and hostile hands and cherished by the chosen few, springs and blooms and strengthens, to cast its fragrance in the universal air and yield its matured balm to all mankind.

In these Societies the vitally important work of electioneering is usually undertaken by a few who have a genius for influencing strangers. The other members show good judgment in not meddling with what they are likely to spoil by failing to hit the proper medium (continually varying according to the character of the victim) between too little and too much rushing. In the early days of the Alpha Chapter the electioneers were Green, Aiken, Martindale and Theodore Fonda. For the first few years there was no permanent hall and no regular meetings. When business was to be transacted the Society met in the private room of one of the members. Theodore Brown's father was a cabinet manufacturer and furniture dealer in Schenectady, and the first initiations were made in a hall extemporized from the spacious wareroom of Mr. Brown, Sr., rendered suitable and brilliant for the occasion by a judicious arrangement of a wholesale stock of mirrors and furniture. After Theodore Fonda joined some initiations took place in the elegant parlors of the mansion of Governor Yates, then still owned by his descendants and occupied while her sons were going through College by the mother of the Fondas, who graciously allowed the use of the house to the Society to which her jewels belonged. A number of initiations took place in Givens' Hotel. One in October 1848 deserves particular mention. Samuel Hartwell, who had entered the new Sophomore Class, had received a proposition from the Sigma Phi, whose members felt sure of him but kept him in constant watch, as they knew he had also been elected to the Theta Delta Chi. Now the Sigma Phi was a very strong Society, and whenever any of our members modestly accosted Hartwell, a force

of big and little Sigs gathered quickly on the field and seriously interfered with an adequate unfolding of the numerous advantages of joining the Theta Delta Chi. Anxiety for the young man's welfare suggested a resort to the favorite tactics of the noble Mohawks, whose ancient council-grounds are covered by the present city of Schenectady. Consequently, one day our members in concert cut recitations and captured the gentleman in the room of the only one of the Sigma Phi Society, who was not in class. A gallant effort was made to induce Hartwell to close his ears to Theta Delta Chi eloquence, but numbers prevailed, and he was borne off on a torrent of facts and arguments to be initiated in a private room in the second story of the hotel. The new member was at once marched back to College, decorated with a Theta Delta Chi badge and paraded before the astounded Sigma Phi's, as they issued from the recitation-room. The stratagem of war which procured us this victory, filled with the pernicious wrath of Achilles and the remembering anger of Juno the hearts that beat beneath the badge of Sigma Phi. But the rescue of the young man excited the admiration of the College and the exultation of our Society, and it is still a source of self-complacency and moral gratification to the few surviving victors of that glorious day.

The Theta Delta Chi, like its patron goddess, never passed through a weak and puling infancy, but sprang into being with the strength of maturity; it immediately took an enviable position among the older Societies of Union College, though, of course not without labor and anxiety to maintain it. Our founders spared no efforts to secure to succeed them a membership of high standing as regards morality, intelligence and sociability, that would cement endearing and enduring friendship, and make the Fraternity an important power for the well-being of any institution with which it might become connected. Surrounding with sweet and helpful affection the lonesome and bewildered new-comer within the gloomy College walls, our Society is to him, as is, to the parched and blinded summer traveller of the desert plateau of Sahra, the verdurous plain of Damascus, where he rides in the shade of walnut, olive, cypress and plane trees, rising out of vineyards and cornfields; wanders by orchards of oranges, apricots and citrons, figs, mulberries and pomegranates; lingers near gardens of red roses and white jasmines,

and is refreshed by the breezy air full of varied fragrance, is regaled with the singing of birds, and soothed by the murmur of the ubiquitous waters that bestow all this boundless fertility and beauty which, it is said, Mohammed beheld from the heights of Saleyeh and refused to enter, for the fanciful fear that to him who should enjoy this paradise, God would deny another in the life hereafter.



REUNION SONG.

" Air — " All Together."

All together, all together,
 Swell the chorus high ;
 Hearts and voices light as ever
 Hail our Theta Delta Chi.
 Though we parted, still unbroken
 Is friendship's chain ;
 Though the mournful word was spoken,
 Now in smiles we meet again.

CHORUS.

Oh, were we never
 Forced to breathe the parting sigh !
 No more to sever
 From our Theta Delta Chi !

Greeting each returning brother,
 Let us forget,
 In the love we bear each other,
 Every thought of past regret ;
 Since the present, full of gladness,
 Bids us be gay,
 Banish every cloud of sadness,
 And be happy while we may.

When our Union we must sever,
 And part again,
 Still in feeling true as ever
 Shall our faithful hearts remain ;
 Oft shall memory, breathing o'er us
 Sweet friendship's sigh,
 Bring the vision bright before us
 Of our Theta Delta Chi.

CHORUS.

Oh, were we never
 Forced to breathe the parting sigh !
 Nevermore to sever
 From our Theta Delta Chi !

J. KILBOURNE JONES.

FILL UP YOUR BLUSHING GOBLETS.

Air—"Benny Havens, O!"

FILL up your blushing goblets
 Till the bubbles kiss the brim,
 We'll drink and shout our chorus out
 Till waning stars are dim ;
 We'll sing a name which lights to flame
 The lustre in each eye,
 And brings a flush to every brow,—
 'Tis Theta Delta Chi.

CHORUS.

O, 'tis Theta Delta Chi, 'tis Theta Delta Chi ;
 And brings a flush to every brow—'tis Theta Delta Chi.

Drive Plutus hence, let Bacchus here
 Assert his joyous sway ;
 Shout owlish wisdom into fear,
 Let care infest the day ;
 We'll drink until the tipsy stars
 Wink in the glimmering sky ;
 Time fleets away, let youth be gay,
 In Theta Delta Chi.

And if, perchance, one sadder line
 May mingle with the strain,
 For those, the lost, whose loving voice
 We ne'er shall hear again,
 Let this rejoice the heavy heart,
 And light the dimming eye,
 The gates of Eden are not closed
 To Theta Delta Chi.

Then fill your goblets till the wine
 Shall kiss the blushing brim,
 Till morn is red, and night is dead,
 And stars are waning dim.
 Stir up the lagging steeds of Time,
 And speed them as they fly,
 We'll pledge this night to pure delight,
 And Theta Delta Chi.

CHORUS.

O, 'tis Theta Delta Chi, 'tis Theta Delta Chi ;
 We'll pledge this night to pure delight, and Theta Delta Chi.

JOHN HAY.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

“ Air—“ Vive l’Amour.”

Let Bacchanals sing the praises of wine,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 Nectarean juice from the purpling vine,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 Though wreathing gay rainbows round the red glass,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 They’ll all melt away like bubbles, alas !
 Vive la Theta Delt.

CHORUS.

Vive la, vive la Theta Delt,
 Vive la, vive la Theta Delt,
 Pour toi, pour moi,
 Pour moi, pour toi,
 Vive la Theta Delt.

Let the poet warble of beauty’s child,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 And dream of bright eyes in his vision wild,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 Of lips that mock the red wine’s bright glow,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 And golden tresses that wavelike flow,
 Vive la Theta Delt.

Come, join ye the magical circle now,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 Who round our Fraternity’s altar bow,
 Vive la Theta Delt.
 Friendship eternal let each brother swear,
 Vive la Theta Delt,
 Who the glorious sign of our order doth wear,
 Vive la Theta Delt.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

WHILE WE MAY.

Air—"Drink Away."

Come throw away Sophocles' measures, and treasures
 Of cold mathematical truth,
 And be merry an hour round our table—no fable
 More genial to jovial youth;
 While we may, while we may, while we may.
 Our tracks are soon under the drift,
 And toil is the curse of us aye,
 Then rejoice, for the moments are swift,
 While we may, while we may.

We hold it for true, that it's treason, when reason
 Renounces allegiance to soul,
 Or declares itself—false-hearted lover—above her;
 O, break from its iron control!
 While we may, while we may, while we may.
 For in years it will fix it a throne,
 And banish its mistress away;
 Then chord these two strings into tone,
 While we may, while we may.

O, then grasp the hand of each brother, another
 In the grip of our mystical tie,
 And let fill to o'erflowing the emotion, an ocean
 Of Theta and Delta and Chi,
 While we may, while we may, while we may.
 When feeling is flushing each eye,
 And to-morrow's forgot in to-day,
 Then pledge we the wine-cup on high,
 While we may, while we may.

W. M. COLEMAN.

INITIATION SONG.

Air—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

Dear brothers, while we meet to-night
 Bright shines the moon above,
 But since we saw her silver light
 One more partakes our love.
 Another brother wears the shield
 On which our symbols lie,
 And from whose gold and azure field
 The feathered arrows fly.

CHORUS:

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Theta Delta Chi !
 For brightly shine, the stars benign
 From out her azure sky.

The forest leaves are swept away
 Before November's gale ;
 The lovely flowers bloom for a day
 Then perish cold and pale.
 But our true love, fresh as spring leaves,
 And bright as summer flowers,
 Outlasts the garnered autumn sheaves,
 Outlasts the winter hours.

Dear brother, you who on this night
 Have joined our mystic band,
 Who now to us your faith do plight,
 And grasp each brother's hand,
 May you in Theta's friendship true
 A faithful brother stay,
 And love will, like the morning dew,
 Lie ever in your way.

CAMERON. MANN.

ZETA SHOUTS HER CHORUS.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

The hand's warm clasp, when brothers grasp,
 No earthly power can sever;
 And a brother's love, all change above,
 Shall cling to the heart forever.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and sing, ere Time can fling
 His chilling shadow o'er us;
 Let young delight put care to flight,
 With Zeta's ringing chorus.

The sacred chain shall our hearts retain
 In its links of fond devotion,
 While brims each soul, like the blushing bowl,
 With the wine of warm emotion.

Each spirit keep, in memory deep,
 Our motto's mystic beauty;
 Let it shine afar like a pilot star,
 O'er the holy path of duty.

And thus each day shall glide away,
 In bliss to perfect ending;
 And life be bright with a rainbow light,
 Of tears and sunshine blending.

Old Time shall fly more merrily by,
 When joy has plumed his pinions,
 And not a shade from his wings be laid
 On love and youth's dominions.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and sing; Time ne'er can fling
 His baneful shadow o'er us,
 While hope is bright and our hearts are light
 And the Zeta shouts her chorus.

JOHN HAY.

THETA'S DEAD.

Air—"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

'Tis meet the harp that swells so oft
 To light and gladsome strain
 At times should breathe a sadder air,
 A sorrowful refrain.
 This is the place for song and mirth,
 But still th' unwelcome sigh
 Must sometimes echo through the halls
 Of Theta Delta Chi.

The flowers that deck our board to-night,
 The fragrance which they shed,
 Shall waste before the morning light,
 Then life and bloom have fled.
 So friends as lovely in our eyes,
 Their wit like fragrance gave
 To many a fair fraternal feast,
 Then sought a soldier's grave.

O'er many a crimson field of war
 Their youthful feet have trod,
 Where they with heroes struck for fame,
 For country, and for God.
 We hail the peace though bought so dear,
 Nor stay to count the cost,
 But cast one wreath upon the bier
 Of Theta's loved and lost.

T. A. REILLY.



THE THETA DELT'S WIFE.

Air—"Araby's Daughter."

Of all the fair maidens that gladden our vision,
 Whose locks flow in wavelets of glittering gold,
 Whose cheeks bloom like roses from gardens elysian,
 And whose merry blue eyes deep tenderness hold,
 Oh! the one that in grace and in beauty is peerless,
 Like an angel come down from the heaven above
 To brighten our life, so dark and so cheerless,
 Is the pearl of all maidens, the Theta Delt's love.

Of all lovely brides that have turned from the altar
 While the blossoms of orange shine out from their hair,
 And the bridegroom sustains the footsteps that falter,
 And proudly thinks nothing on earth is more fair,
 Oh! the fairest of all, in her joy and her blushes,
 In beauty of heart and in beauty of life,
 Like a fountain that from a green meadow outgushes,
 Is the pearl of all ladies, the Theta Delt's wife.

CAMERON MANN.



NOTICE TO GRADUATES.

This pamphlet is printed in large quantity at the expense of the thirteen existing chapters, and is sent to all the graduates whose residences are known. In return the graduates are respectfully requested to subscribe to the new Catalogue of the Society, which will be issued this year. Besides names and residences, it will contain the profession and other items of interest concerning the members so far as the Committee are furnished with information. It will be an unusually beautiful book, preceded by the allegorical steel-plate used in the former catalogue, and containing a series of new chapter cuts, embodying the Greek alphabet on a principle never before employed in works of this nature. The expense of publication is large and the terms of subscription are—two dollars for a copy in muslin, three dollars and a half for one in half morocco, beveled boards, gilt edges—and five dollars for one in full morocco in the best style of bookbinding, with a gilt Theta Delta Chi shield on the side. Few copies will be made beyond the number actually subscribed for, and to lighten the burden on the Committee, the graduates are requested to pay up when they subscribe. In case a graduate receives from his own chapter a copy of this pamphlet, he will get word from the proper officer to send his subscription to such chapter. Graduates of discontinued chapters, and members of the Society who are residents of New York City, will receive copies of this pamphlet from the Committee of publication, and if they wish copies of the new Catalogue they may send their subscriptions to Lucien B. Stone, Banker, 46 Broad street, New York.

Personal acquaintances of the other members of the Catalogue Committee can, if preferred, send their subscriptions to them.

FRANKLIN BURDGE,	} <i>Catalogue Committee.</i>
F. W. STEWART,	
L. B. STONE,	
C. A. POOL,	
C. C. KNEISLEY,	
I. P. PARDEE.	



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 160 980 A